

The Liberalist

Volume XXXI

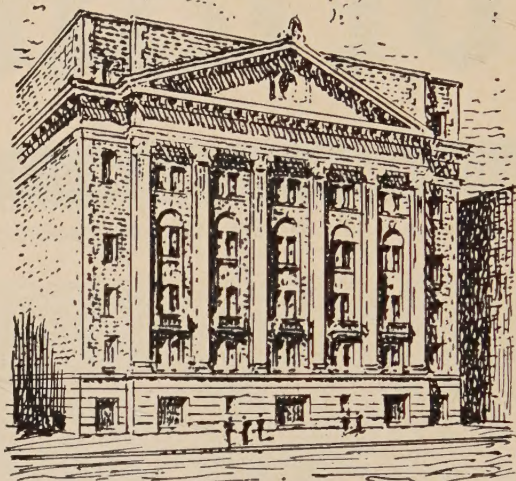
JULY, 1954

Number 4

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO



Are we free from stubborn will,
From low hate and malice small,
From opinion's tyrant thrall?
Are none of us our own slaves still?
—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO
Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

Dr. Bradley's Books

"NEW WEALTH FOR YOU"—\$1.00
 "MEDITATIONS" and "MY DAILY STRENGTH"

Other Books by Dr. Bradley

"Mastering Fear"

"Courage For Today"
 "Power From Right Thinking"

"Life and You"

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

I AM writing this a few days before our closing Sunday for the church year. It hardly seems possible there is but one Sunday remaining and our 42nd year together comes to a close. As I look back upon it, it has been one of our busiest and one of our best. Never in the history of the church have there been so many competing factors as there are today. Our church has tried to meet the changing conditions and to face every new challenge to the best of our ability. Our congregations have been large, responsive and inspiring. Notwithstanding that Sunday evening is one of the best radio and television evenings of the entire week, we have had a sustained interest all winter long. By beginning the service at 7:00 o'clock and closing a few minutes after 8:00, most of the congregation, although many come from long distances, are able to return home in time for the favorite programs.

As I look back upon the year, one of the most encouraging things which has happened has been the growing interest of young people of our high school age group in the church school in the work of the church and the choir. On a recent Sunday morning sixteen fine young people were in the class of new members. There is every evidence that the high school age group in the church school and in the church are becoming increasingly interested and are evidencing their interest in many helpful and encouraging ways.

* * *

As of this date I am able to tell you a part of our summer plans. Because of the recent death of June's father, Mr. Benjamin Haslet, we both felt it

better that she not accompany me on the trip this summer. Her mother, Mrs. Ann Haslet, has come to live with us. She is not very well, and her loss, after 42 years of happy companionship, is deeply felt. June and Mrs. Haslet will leave for Arden Lodge, Black Duck Island, Tower, Minnesota, on the last of June and remain there until my return.

I am sailing on Tuesday, June 15th, on the "Mauretania," for Cobh, Ireland. I shall arrive in Dublin on June 21st and preach in the First Church of Dublin on June 27th, for my dear friend, the Reverend E. Savell Hicks. I shall preach in Belfast, Ireland, on July 4th, and in Newcastle-Upon-Tyne, in England, on July 11th. I then go to London for nine days, where I shall be busy preaching in Highgate Church, London, in the morning on Sunday, July 18th. On Sunday morning, July 25th, I shall be preaching at Manchester College, Oxford University. Each of these engagements will be a renewal of old friendships, for I have often preached in the same churches which I am visiting during July.

If any of our readers should happen to be in any of the places where I am preaching in July, I would be very glad to see them indeed. Every time I have preached on the other side of the Atlantic, there has always been someone in the congregation from Chicago or who had heard me at home.

I am looking forward with much pleasant anticipation to preaching at Manchester College, Oxford. This will be the second time I have preached there and the fourth time I have visited that great university and the historic old city of Oxford. I am always

amused when I am at Oxford to see the buses filled with tourists come into Oxford and hurriedly visit a few colleges, have lunch and pass on.

Oxford is one of the most fascinating, as it is one of the most historic cities in all the world. I never was at Oxford without coveting the opportunity of staying there a year or more. How anyone can get a valuable impression of the city and environs by a few hours visit is beyond me. The influence of the colleges of the University on the thinking of the world can never be estimated, while the personalities who have been prepared for leadership in the colleges have changed the whole trend of human history. When we were there about a week last year, June familiarized herself with the history of several of the colleges and became, for the length of time available to her, unusually informed on the university. Sometimes I wonder if Americans visiting abroad do not attempt too much in a short period of time. They get a smattering and surface impression of four or five countries, which is wholly inadequate. I would rather know one or two countries thoroughly and be able to appraise the country and the people authoritatively than to get a hazy impression of many countries. Of course, to those who find it possible to make only one visit to Europe there is the desire to cover as much territory as is physically possible.

Some of the greatest minds and most influential thinkers the world has ever known were not travelers at all. Thoreau, one of the wisest of men, said he had a universe in his back yard. While Emerson visited England, it affected him slightly and he never traveled widely. Shakespeare was never out of England, nor did Dante ever leave Italy, while the greatest teacher of them all, the Galilean poet, never was

but a few miles away from his birthplace. But travel does widen one's horizon, deepen one's appreciation of other people, their problems and difficulties and gives a more sympathetic understanding. Americans are the most traveled people in the world and it is rather pitiful that more Europeans and Asiatics cannot travel in America. Many of our differences would disappear if we could know each other more intimately. Our similarities would be emphasized and our common destiny more deeply realized.

I am coming back this year on that great ship, the fastest ship afloat, the "United States." June and I stood at the Battery in New York and saw her leave on her maiden voyage two years ago. We both dreamed then of the time when we could cross on that beautiful and magnificent ship. I am going to have the opportunity before June, but I hope that sometime it will be possible for us to sail on her together.

I have crossed on each one of the ships that won the blue ribbon pennant since the old "Aquitania." This will be the first time I have ever sailed on a ship of my own country's registry that has won that distinguished and envied pennant. I shall have more to tell you about the ship and the crossing when I return to the United States.

* * *

I have had an unusual number of commencement addresses this year for our mid-west American high schools and it has been an inspiring experience. I have noticed a changed attitude on the part of the classes this year. In previous years the commencement speaker was accepted as almost a necessary evil. That has all changed. I have never known graduating classes to be more alert and responsive and interested than they have been this year. I think the reason for it is that the present situation of the world and

the country is such that young people are beginning to consider what they can do in helping to change conditions and creating a better situation.

I spoke the other day at the Scholastic Honors Convocation of the Illinois Normal University at Normal, Illinois. After the convocation I had an opportunity of speaking with several of the students who had received scholastic honors, and I wish that everyone who feels that young people are not serious-minded and are not alert to what is happening could have heard the conversations. We read often of what a few do and say and every time they get into trouble the whole world knows it. These constitute a microscopic minority. The others we never hear much about, but it will be those who will have the most influence and who will make the best contribution in the future.

The other evening when I was giving the commencement address for the high school at Valparaiso, Indiana, I made the remark that I did not know a single member of the class, and couldn't call them by name, but they represented a cross section of this year's graduating classes in all the high school classes of this nation. After the commencement a young lady came up to me and said, "Well, Dr. Bradley, you perhaps don't know my name, but you gave it to me, because I was christened by you when a baby, in your church in Chicago, and you performed the wedding ceremony for my father and mother." This young lady received the highest honors of her class and I was proud of her. Later I met her father and mother and had an interesting visit with them; and so it goes, as I walk along the way of my life. There are constant surprises in the meeting of people and in the recollection of past experiences. This is one of the

reasons why the maturity of life is the most beautiful of all. To live life so we can build beautiful memories is the secret of happiness.

* * *

On Saturday noon, May 22nd, in the Grand Ballroom of the Sherman Hotel, the Fourteenth Annual Authors' Luncheon was held. It is the custom of the Authors' Luncheon to always center the luncheon around someone who has made a contribution to literature and an appreciation of literature. This year, as a complete surprise to me, I was given that great honor and, shortening my *Along the Way* in this issue, I am going to publish the report of that luncheon written by the distinguished Fannie Butcher, literary critic for the Chicago Sunday Tribune Magazine of Books, and one of the most illustrious of all the literary critics in this country. The article was published in her weekly column, "The Literary Spotlight." The reason I am publishing this is because I would like all of our friends and members to read the article. It makes me most humble that so distinguished a writer should give my work an entire column. With my feeling of humility is a deepening sense of responsibility.

Along the Way for the next issue I shall probably write at sea or on arrival in Ireland. Due to the fact that *Along the Way* must be written a month before you read it, it doesn't have the timeliness which I wish it might have, but because of publication deadlines there is nothing we can do about it. However, I shall try to get the August copy back to the United States in time for the August issue, and will tell you then more intimately all about my experiences. I hope that you will have a very restful and a pleasant summer.

And now, Miss Butcher's article:

THE LITERARY SPOTLIGHT

By **FANNY BUTCHER**

(By special permission of the Chicago Sunday Tribune Magazine of Books)

WHEN the Friends of the Chicago Public Library held their 14th annual authors' luncheon recently in the grand ballroom of the Sherman hotel, their guest of honor was **Dr. Preston Bradley**, who uniquely unites in one man an author of seven books, two of which became best sellers ("Courage for Today" and "Mastering Fear"), a weekly lecturer on books for 21 years, and a devoted member of the board of directors of the Chicago public library for 29 years . . . And one of his library board duties is chairman of the library committee, which has jurisdiction over the book selection policy of the library. . . . The title of his new book, promised for fall publication, might well be a description of his own philosophy, "Living Creatively."

To do honor to Dr. Bradley some of the city's most prominent figures in religion and the arts assembled, and heartfelt tributes were paid to him by eight speakers when **Mrs. Francesca F. Nielsen**, president of the Friends of the Chicago Public Library, turned the meeting over to the Magazine of Books' **Frederic Babcock** as master of ceremonies.

Among the 17 special guests at the speakers' table, the two representing the city's musical life, **Marion Claire** and **Henry Weber**, had an added sentimental reason for being there, for Dr. Bradley had united them in marriage. . . . Miss Claire noted Dr. Bradley's efficiency in tying the marital knot and ended her affectionate words of praise with, "He is irresistible."

"He is the veritable incarnation of the spirit of Chicago," declared **Dr.**

Charles Clayton Morrison, author of seven books on religion and editor of the *Pulpit* . . . "The greatest thing about Preston Bradley," Dr. Morrison declared, "is that he is a preacher. . . . His sermons are an event, first of all in his own soul, and that makes them an event to his congregation."

"More People Follow and Love Preston Bradley . . ."

Dr. Louis Mann, rabbi of the Sinai congregation since 1923, author of "In Quest of the Bluebird," and collaborator in other books, pointed out that through Dr. Bradley's personal appearances and his radio and TV talks "more people follow and love Preston Bradley than any other clergyman in Chicago."

Joseph B. Fleming, noted Chicago lawyer and president of the board of directors of the Chicago public library for 20 years, spoke of his long association with Dr. Bradley on the library board and described him as "chuck full of convictions and dedicated to the trust reposed in him."

Dr. Morrision J. Thomas, pastor of the Ravenswood Congregational church, author of three inspirational books and for 40 years an intimate friend of the guest of honor, declared that Preston Bradley has "splashes of genius" and cited his quick wit with the tale of being introduced by Dr. Bradley to "my dear friend, **Julius Rosenwald**." . . . The late Mr. Rosenwald, with a twinkle in his eye replied, "The reason he calls me his dear friend is because he has just pulled my leg for \$5,000." . . . Whereupon, declared

Dr. Thomas, "Preston turned to me and said, 'He's got another leg.'" . . .

Representing **Bishop Sheil** was **Father Cardinal**, who declared that in baseball parlance Chicago had three great outfielders in religion: Bishop Sheil, Dr. Mann, and Preston Bradley.

Chauncey McCormick, president of the Art institute of Chicago, did honor to one of the institute's life members in quoting these memorable words, "No civilization has risen to higher peaks than its leaders can take it."

"One of the Best Friends Books Ever Had"

Miss Gertrude Gscheidle, the brilliant librarian of the Chicago public library (the highest post in library circles held by a woman), called Dr. Bradley "one of the very best friends that books have ever had" and said

that in honoring him special tribute was being paid to books and libraries. . . . She noted especially his "belief in reading as a potent force in the development of individuals and the progress of civilization." . . . She cited (with justifiable pride) that a million and a quarter books are now in Chicago's public library, not inanimate objects on library shelves but, through their widespread use (8,000,000 circulated each year), "alive and important forces for growth and development, stimulation, and enlightenment."

Dr. Bradley was patently moved by the warmhearted tributes of the afternoon. . . . In a brief extempore talk he said that he hoped he could be worthy of them and that if he could choose his epitaph he would like to have it said of him that he had stood for the things that "united rather than divided people."

DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

By **CHARLES CLAYTON MORRISON**

PRESTON Bradley belongs to Chicago. Not merely because he lives here, but because he has identified himself with so many of the nobler aspects of our civic life. He is a veritable incarnation of the spirit of Chicago—that spirit which is engaged in building a culture upon the solid foundation of our economic and industrial greatness. Of the many who are working at this creative task, none is more worthy of the honor we delight to pay him today than Preston Bradley.

Others have spoken or will speak of the versatility and catholicity of his mind which takes the whole civic scene for its province—education, art, government, literary organizations, public libraries, social settlements, hospitals—I shall not try to name them all.

His connection with none of these is that of a poseur or dilettante who touches them lightly with his finger tips. Instead, he studies their problems, sits in their councils, and brings the ripened wisdom of his hard thinking to bear upon their multifarious projects. Like his beloved Shakespeare—the myriad minded—so Preston Bradley's mind embraces a myriad of interests.

But I want you not to overlook the greatest thing about Dr. Bradley. He is a preacher. And such a preacher! The pulpit of Peoples Church is his throne where, under God, he reigns as the spokesman of the Eternal.

It is a great thing to be a preacher. And, God, how we need preachers today! There exists in the ministry what I would call a cult of the casual. The

sermon is casual and routine. It is—well, just another sermon. It is not spoken with the unction or passion that are an inseparable accompaniment of a truly prophetic message.

Preston Bradley is not that kind of a preacher. His sermon is nothing less than an event in his own soul, and when he enters his pulpit, his spirit is bowed down with the responsibility of making that sermon an event in the hearts of the troubled or indifferent or disillusioned people before him.

Preachers are not just made—they are born. And God endowed this preacher with rare gifts of personality, a mellifluous voice, imagination, a sensitive temperament, and a deep feeling for the mystery of life. He comes of that rich old Celtic stock which is represented by the Welsh, the Irish and the Gaelic Scotch. (I am not sure whether Dr. Bradley's forbears were Welsh or Irish, but it makes no difference. I will settle for a combination of the two!)

Now, when a man born of this breed becomes a preacher, he is almost fore-ordained to be a great preacher. When he preaches he cannot help being eloquent because he is dealing with things of the spirit that can be expressed only in paeans and poetry and doxologies.

This is the genius of Preston Bradley. Preaching is his meat and drink. He loves it as the painter loves his art, or the scientist his experiment, or

the miser his money. He preaches on Sundays not once but two and three times. On week days he is found in cities north, south, east and west, preaching daily and nightly.

How he has energy enough to do this baffles us. I often think of what someone said of William Rainey Harper, the first president of the University of Chicago; that he was "a steam engine in breeches." That steam engine metaphor is too old-fashioned to fit Dr. Bradley. He should be called a cyclotron in breeches, perpetually splitting the atom to supply the unwearied energy he displays.

When you think of Preston Bradley and his connection with the multifarious interests of our civic life, do not be deceived. These are not the ultimate interests of this man, important though they are to him and to us.

His supreme interest is his religious faith and his passion to communicate it to others. His faith in God and his love of Christ are spread like a rainbow across his sky, dropping its golden light upon all these mundane tasks and touching them with a heavenly significance.

Dear Preston and Lady Bradley, you have won our hearts. God's gracious benediction has rested upon you through all these years. We pray that it may continue to abide with you, abundantly, and forever.

"THE CREATIVE POWER OF FAITH"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
Sunday, March 7, 1954

I HAVE never accepted the interpretation of the Lenten Season which a great many people in the liberal Christian tradition seem to entertain, and that is that the full

significance of this season is the special property of the liturgical or more orthodox churches of Christianity. We all know that our Roman Catholic friends place a great deal of emphasis

on the Lenten Season; and most of us are familiar with the practices and the ceremonies that are emphasized during the Lenten Season by that great segment of the Christian tradition known as Catholicism, both the Eastern and the Western Churches. We are also familiar with the fact that our Episcopalian friends, those who are in the tradition of the Anglican and the Episcopal Church, emphasize, with a great deal of justified importance, the significance of the Lenten Season. We're all familiar with the fact that our Lutheran friends likewise set apart this segment of the church year where they renew emphasis upon certain aspects of the Lenten Season. Now I believe that *none* of these churches has any particular proprietorship over the Lenten Season or the Lenten spirit or the Lenten occasion. I think this season belongs to every human soul, whatever their religion or whatever their church or whatever their creed; that it is historically integrated with certain well established facts in the life of the Master and the Poet of Galilee—and I believe that a direct analogy can be found between the experiences of His own life, as He progressed throughout the three and one half years of His ministry to that tragic experience at Calvary, and the experiences of each individual heart.

Though you may not belong to any church, may not subscribe to any creed, may have no religious loyalty whatever to any phase of ecclesiasticism, I believe you *are* entitled to the significance and the spirit and the importance of the Lenten Season! And any person who lets this season go by without its having any special or particular significance to them is missing one of the greatest opportunities for deepening their own spiritual foundations and building a fortification which will be impervious

to all the experiences and demands of this hectic, twisted, tortured and confused world. If there ever was an hour in the history of civilization when each individual needs to develop that complete mastery which brings them such authenticity of character and of thought that they can meet every given challenge with victory—that hour is now! And we cannot do it by depending upon any of our own resources in themselves; we cannot do it by utilizing the processes of rationalization, attempting to do it merely by thinking or by intelligence or by knowledge; we cannot do it under the imperative of any degree of selfishness! The Lenten Season is just simply impregnated with the spirit of denial and sacrifice! And one of the greatest assisting forces to the full expression of this season and the mastery of our individual selves related to the problems of life, is to recapture the truth of a creative faith and what that creative faith will do in helping you, right in the midst of your problems, to solve them with rectitude, with distinction and with honor!

Now when we use the word "faith," it connotes to a great many people some aspect of a religious formation! The fact of the matter is that the most universal power in the human mind is *faith*! There isn't a person in church this morning, not a person listening to these words on the air, but who is a person of *faith*! This idea that faith is a certain separate identity of life is ridiculous! It is the most universal attribute of the human heart! I don't know a single person and I have never known one who didn't possess faith! Now there may be faith in good things and faith in bad things, but there is never a *lack* of faith! If you will sit down and analyze your own selves in relationship to this idea you will see, I think, with me, that

this observation is quite true and quite accurate! You have faith in something; you have faith in someone; you have faith in some principle that may be the dominating theme in your life! It may be wrong—your objective may be entirely wrong! The thing you have faith in may be wrong, and may not be the thing for you at all and you ought not to have faith in it—but *you have faith!* There isn't a life manifesting itself at this moment but what is girded with some kind of faith! You've got faith in a political party; you've got faith in some personality; you've got faith in some church; you've got faith in some economic principle; you've got faith in some little pill that comes out of a bottle; you've got faith in some doctor; you've got faith in your little system; if you're a housewife, you've got faith in the recipe in your cookbook—you *you've got faith somewhere!*

There isn't a single one of you that I couldn't classify into a definite designation of faith! *Something's* controlling your life; *something* is giving you imperative; *something* is the dominating motive of your life—and that's the thing you have faith in! And if I could only get people to understand and to realize this—and this is not a theory; I'm not theorizing and I'm not discussing any hypocrisy at all—I'm speaking out of the actuality of experience! If you will analyze and weigh and determine the structure of your faith, you will be able to control your destiny! And people who lose sight of that truth are just simply lost in a maze of misunderstanding, of wondering, of dissipation of energy, of confusion, of uncertainty—they have no positivism about them whatever; they are vacillating; they are swayed by the screeching headlines of newspapers; they are wooed by the words of men; they are amenable to

all the artificial caprices of clever psychologists—they are simply pliable things! And their mere pliability is indicative that they are seeking for *something* to which they can give their whole loyalty! You tell me what you're loyal to, and I will tell you what kind of a person you are! Let me analyze your loyalties; let me understand the things that you are wrapping your life around; let me see what is dominating you—and I will appraise your character and, furthermore, I will outline your destiny!

Now when we put the word "creative" before "faith," then we find ourselves in a constructive attitude. Remember, you *have* faith! Some of you people have faith in an automobile; some of you have faith in war; some of you have faith in a thousand, thousand things—but you *have* faith! Now if you will put the word "creative" in front of that faith and analyze it, then you may be getting into a solution to your problem and the difficulty that you are in! Everybody has what Dr. Fosdick has called so frequently, the "faith faculty"! The "faith faculty"! Everybody has the "love faculty" and everybody has the "hate faculty"! Some have both these latter two more highly developed than others. I know people who have the "hate faculty" so strong in them that there isn't any room for the "love faculty"! It's crowded right out entirely! And, of course, those people always create their own doom, and they're always in trouble! I never met a person who had the "hate faculty" highly developed who wasn't *always* in trouble! Something was "wrong" somewhere—the world was wrong; the preacher was wrong; the music was wrong; the organization was wrong—*something's wrong all the time*, and all that reveals a super-development of the "hate faculty"!

Now we have a "faith faculty" too, and the "faith faculty" transcends the "hate faculty" and the "love faculty," or any other faculty of the human heart, in its ability to create personality and to solve problems! Therefore, the person who analyzes the *objective* of his faith is the person who is getting straightened out with life; and when a person takes the affirmative attitude and nurtures his faith with that attitude, then things begin to unfold and problems begin to be solved! When a man loses faith in God and says: "My experiences of life have taught me that there isn't any God 'who cares'; that there isn't any God who has any personal interest in me at all!" and the whole bottom of life seems to drop out for him and confusion and consternation come and he says: "God doesn't care!"—well, the very beginning of how to meet that despondency, and the creeping paralysis of decay that comes to the human soul with such a

despondency, is the affirmative faith and attitude that GOD DOES CARE! Over and over and over again you can suggest to yourselves through prayer, or in the silence, God does care! The highest manifestation of the creative power of God in the universe is man! Man is greater than any flower; he's greater than any seed; he's greater than any mountain; he's greater than any prairie! The highest manifestation in nature of the creative power of God is YOU!

Each individual in this congregation this morning is the *highest* manifestation of God's interest in the cosmos! YOU! Now if that is true, and I believe it is, dare any one say that God doesn't care about you? Why, God really doesn't care about anything else! He has put in motion the laws of gravitation—the stars swing in the sky, under His immutable laws; the tides of the sea come and go! They

(Continued on page 18)

OVERTONES

BRENT DOW ALLINSON

To one whose listening spirit is attune
 With Beauty there are overtones of meaning:
 Glory, and strength, and joy in the unhewn
 Uplifted, green-blue hills, and in a leaning
 Storm-ravaged pine above an ominous sea;
 Norn-melodies of whispering hope and yearning,
 Patience, and fortitude, and sanctity;
And in a rose-hedge Love forever burning.

To him when he beholds war's desecration,
 Or when in fear and grief he stands aware
 Of man's blind cruelty and devastation,—
 Be then, O pine-crowned hills and hedgerows fair
 Whence Beauty blows a chastening consolation,
 And still the anguish of a vast despair!



The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By **ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY**

Recently a friend handed me a neat and attractive little pamphlet he was reading bearing this heading: UNITARIANISM: WHAT IS IT? by A. Powell Davies. I found I had that pamphlet in my files, but had forgotten it was there.

Dr. Davies is a noted clergyman and author, born in Birkenhead, England, in 1902, came to the United States in 1928 and became a naturalized citizen of this country in 1935. Since 1944 he has been pastor of All Souls Church in Washington, D. C. He is Chairman of the Emergency Conference on Civilian Control of Atomic Energy, and was President of Food for Freedom, 1946-47; is a member of the Board of Trustees of Meadville Theological School of the University of Chicago; and a member of the Board of Directors of the Unitarian Service Committee.

Among the books Dr. Davies has written are *American Destiny*, 1942; *The Faith of an Unrepentant Liberal*, 1946; *America's Real Religion*, 1948; *Man's Vast Future*, 1951; *The Temptation to be Good*, 1952; contributor to many magazines and a speaker on current affairs.

Very often Dr. Bradley has inquiries from people both inside and outside of the church membership on the subject of this little pamphlet. And people who are members of the church are asked often by their friends to explain just wherein Unitarianism differs from other forms of Protestantism.

Perhaps you would like to write to

the Division of Publications of the American Unitarian Association, 25 Beacon Street, Boston 8, Massachusetts, and ask to have one of these pamphlets mailed to you.

I shall quote a few passages from it, hoping to whet your desire to own it for handy reference and re-reading. I read it again from cover to cover (twelve narrow pages, but wide in implication).

"Creeds are divisive. They are also *negative*: they say 'no' to new truth. They put the dead in the place of the living; they make yesterday the oppressor of today. It is better, says Unitarianism, to be *affirmative*, to be free to believe what persuades you, and to follow the truth as it grows. If you do not have this freedom how can your belief be real? For if your true thought runs contrary to a creed, how can you make yourself believe the creed? And if your mind is open—open and honest—then at some time or another it is almost certain to run contrary to a creed. Are you, then, to negative your true belief, to try to put it out of your mind, in order to maintain your creed? If so, what happens to sincerity? If you probe the matter deeply, must it not be that your belief in creeds is superficial? or pretended? and in the last analysis delusive and precarious?

"Let a man affirm his real beliefs, says Unitarianism. And if new knowledge or experience tells him that he needs to change them let him change them. His beliefs should most of all

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The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D.....Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY.....In Memoriam
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY.....Assistant to the Editor
MAY H. HARRISON.....Business Manager

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EDITORIAL

WHAT good things do you know about Chicago? Do you know that in the three great universities in our area, the University of Chicago, the Northwestern University and Loyola University, we have more men on their faculties who have received the Nobel Prize than in any other university center in the world? How many people know that we have more young men studying for spiritual leadership in the Roman Catholic Church, in the Jewish Faith and in the Protestant Church, here in Chicago, than in any other metropolitan area in the world. How many people know that more people pass through the Art Institute of Chicago in one year than in any other art gallery in the world! How many people know that the attendance at our great Museum of Science and Industry, being so ably directed by Major Lohr, is greater than that of any other similar institution in the world! And now, I can speak somewhat officially, because I happen to be Chairman of the Library Committee of the Board of Directors of the Chicago Public Library, and we have more books in circulation among our patrons in Chicago than has any other library in the world.

I could go on and on, until it seems to me that with the three great press services in this city, one could read a date line of Chicago, as one travels about the country and the world and have it contain something besides crime and pollution. Our city is not the city of ten or twenty years ago. Our school system is not the same system. It is a different city today, and Chicago is the home of many great national industries, with nationally manufactured products. I think it would be a fine thing if these great corporations and great industries that spend so many millions in advertising their products, and justly so, together with the Chicago Association of Commerce and the Junior Association of Commerce and other civic-minded groups and organizations, would take some of the advertising space both in the press throughout the nation and over the networks, and let their country see just what this Chicago is, after all.

Let people know of Chicago as I know of it and love it. I love its hustle and bustle; its libraries; its art galleries; its schools; its churches. It has been good to me, this Chicago, and there is no place in the whole wide world where I would rather live.

THE RADIO MAIL BAG

(Continued from page 12)

be real; nothing should stand in the way of their persuading him. Let us not have a negative church that suppresses men's real beliefs, but an affirmative one which liberates them. Let us have, not a creed that stands in the way of plain and honest thinking and impedes sincere believing, but a determination that religious thinking shall be free from fetters, and believing natural and real.

"*It was this determination* which brought about American Unitarianism. Not suddenly . . . without relation to the past . . . the first use of the name was in Transylvania in the sixteenth century . . . we could remember Servetus, burned at the stake by Calvin in 1553 because he had written a book called *Errors of the Trinity*. There have been many Unitarian martyrs, one of the most recent being Dr. Norbert Capek, done to death by the Nazis in Czechoslovakia . . . Or we might go back to Bishop Francis David or to the Socinians and the persecutions in Poland. Or we might dwell upon the beginnings of Unitarianism in England. Theophilus Lindsey; John Biddle; the poet—Milton; the physicist—Isaac Newton; the philosopher—John Locke; these, among many others, are famous names which mark the growth of English Unitarianism. But perhaps it is best of all to speak of Joseph Priestley, the discoverer of oxygen, a Unitarian minister who was forced by persecution to escape to the United States. He was much encouraged in earlier days by Benjamin Franklin, whose views were also Unitarian. Priestley established the first Unitarian churches, so known and so called, in the United States. . . . Meanwhile Thomas Jefferson had declared himself a Unitarian, and Tom Paine

had written his *Age of Reason*.

". . . Many excellent histories are available (the most recent and best: *A History of Unitarianism*, Earl Morse Wilbur, Harvard University Press, 1945).

"*It was natural* that Jefferson should be a Unitarian. It was natural that John Adams and John Quincy Adams should be Unitarians, too. It was natural that Abraham Lincoln, though never a member of a Unitarian church, refused to join a more traditional church, and by his definition of his own religion identified himself as Unitarian. It is not a narrow or sectarian matter. It could not be. It is the avowal in all these cases of the creedless church, liberating the heart to unrestricted brotherhood and the mind to growing and advancing truth.

"It is true that Unitarianism, down to now, has never been accepted by the multitudes. But it is also true that all American denominations have been affected by its influence. This may be seen, for example, in the liberalizing of their theologies, or in the emphasis upon the practical expression of religion—far stronger in America than elsewhere—such as is represented by the great work of Dorothea Dix for the reform of prisons, almshouses and hospitals; or of Samuel Gridley Howe, who pioneered the movement for care of the blind; or of Henry Bergh, who founded the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; or Dr. Henry W. Bellows, who established the Sanitary Commission which eventually became the American Red Cross. These and many others in America, like Florence Nightingale in England, were Unitarians, and they set a great example.

"*To this* we must add the influence of Unitarian philosophers like Maine de Biran, or essayists like Emerson, or jurists like Oliver Wendell Holmes. Or

reformers like Julia Ward Howe and Susan B. Anthony. Or educational reformers like Horace Mann. All this has had its influence upon religion in America. So has the preaching of Channing and Parker, and the statesmanship of Daniel Webster. It would be possible to name so many names that Unitarians have often felt considerable diffidence about referring to them. Yet there is importance in this weight of testimony. For Unitarians are not very numerous. Only one-tenth of one percent of the population of United States is Unitarian in actual church affiliation . . .

" . . . I hope none of us will rest satisfied with testimony from the past. Only what is done in the present can make it important . . . And the time has certainly come to carry a liberating religion to the multitudes of the people. Indeed, it is long overdue.

" . . . Unitarians, therefore, are disciples not of a person or an institution, but of truth itself. Persons may be revered, institutions may be sustained, yet neither of them for their own sakes, but only for the sake of what they hold of truth and righteousness. If Unitarians revere the prophets, or respond to the teaching of Jesus of Nazareth, it is not because of supernatural authority, or because of ancient sanctions, or because it is the proper and expected thing to do. It is because the truth speaks through such men as these, because the divinity of the soul shines more brightly in their lives. This is a divinity which Unitarians can recognize and thoroughly believe in. Far from denying it, they affirm it: they affirm it as the highest influence in every human life. But they test it, not by dogmas but by what it manifests of righteousness and truth.

"*Another principle* of Unitarian agreement is reliance upon democracy. A Unitarian church is democratic,

self-governed, free from interference by a hierarchy. . . . All human beings are worthy of participation in the affairs of human society, and all should be encouraged to accept its opportunities and disciplines . . . Democracy, in the last analysis, is brotherhood in action, the devotion of each in the service of all . . .

"*To Unitarians*, also, the brotherhood of man is not restricted, whether by nation, race or creed . . . Unitarians do not expect the entire world to accept the Christian creed . . . They look to the common underlying faith of all mankind to draw the peoples of the earth together, not through conversion from one faith to another, but through federating all traditions in a common loyalty to what unites them, and in the building of a higher truth through freedom of belief. Instead of missionaries Unitarians support their Service Committee, operating wherever the means and opportunity afford; and this Committee dispenses food, clothing, medicine, relief and aid of every kind, irrespective of nation, race or creed . . .

" . . . There are millions of Unitarians in America today, *but not in Unitarian churches*. There are millions of Unitarians who do not know that such a church exists. They do not know its history. They do not know its basis. They do not know its purposes. They do not know that they themselves are Unitarians. If a true religion is to shape the world to peace and freedom, these people must be joined together to advance its cause.

"Religions with worn-out creeds cannot do it. Irreligion cannot do it. Confused religious cannot do it. If the strength of a free man's faith is to be the undergirding of the world tomorrow, a world so full of dangers, yet so rich in opportunities, and if the people of America must rise to take their

place within this venture, then there must be hundreds of new churches, and multitudes of pioneers. This will come about partly if Unitarians will preach their faith, for there are many who are ready to hear it. But it will come about most surely if Unitarians are willing to live their faith—live it into aim and purpose, fearing nothing but the reproach of conscience—for such a faith lived into actual life would be the power of God himself, invincible.”

* * *

I have quoted rather fully and yet you will still need and want, I hope, to read the entire pamphlet, word for word. I only hope I have not in any way garbled its significance in my choice of quotations. I believe we will dignify ourselves in our own minds by reading this pamphlet UNITARIANISM: WHAT IS IT? And it has made me much more aware of how important a thing it is to be a Unitarian—a truly democratically-minded individual. It has made me want to be ever more alert to progressive liberalism in all the avenues of thought. I respect the fore-runners of liberal thought more than ever and appreciate them more. And, more than all, I have a greater desire to be an active Unitarian and to do something to help the progress of freedom in this world—especially the little spot where my own personality may be felt. This is a spirited and an inspiring pamphlet. I hope you will not be entirely satisfied with my few quotations from it, but will send for it so that you may always have it “at your elbow.”

* * *

Before I started the above article, I was mulling over in my mind the purpose of this Mail Bag, the effect of it, and “Why Have a Mail Bag?” For my own satisfaction I came up with these answers. They are my own ideas

of its purpose and benefit.

The letters in the Mail Bag help us to evaluate some of the benefits of our own church: specifically, the value of the highest type of liberal preaching. We read some of our own satisfactions in and from this preaching when we read the reactions of others. For, as Don Blanding tells us in his poem which he calls Universal Heart,

“Go where you will . . . to the uttermost
part
Of earth . . . you will find that each man
has a heart.
And the language of heartbeats to all hearts
is known;
To yours and to mine . . . *for no heart
beats alone.*”

What Dr. Bradley’s preaching means to other hearts it means to our own heart.

We take the fact of our expensive radio broadcast too lightly, and the justification for that expense. In America where the need for “light and more light” is so important because we are looked to as a bright beacon of hope by more than half the rest of the world—what an accomplishment for our church to keep up this great liberal and liberating propaganda from our powerful pulpit. The letters in our Mail Bag attest to this importance by their very gratitude for the help received.

The letters from innumerable civic groups where Dr. Bradley speaks almost nightly attest to the catholicity of his spirit and the breadth of his far-reaching influence as a speaker for universal brotherhood and the advancement of man.

One cannot affirm and reaffirm too often the gains one has made and is making for good. So we in a measure affirm and reaffirm our importance and our progress and our helpfulness through the returns of our Mail Bag.

Also, in a church as large as is The

Peoples Church, there is a little bit of friendliness and good-fellowship in the sharing with his congregation these letters which come to Dr. Bradley—a bit like gathering around the fireplace in winter or in the sunroom in the summer and having Dr. Bradley read his friendly mail to his large church family.

* * *

All in all, whether you bring a friend with you to share in the richness of the service of The Peoples Church, whether you invite them to listen in on the radio (winter or summer) or whether you send them a gift subscription to The Liberalist, or perhaps share your Liberalist with them, in each and any of these ways you will be helping spread the gospel of liberalism and freedom—the uplifting of the human spirit in a world where our spirits need to be uplifted continually for the purpose of progress and peace.

* * *

Now let us look over some of the mail:

Mr. Amos I. Hoover, of Chase, Michigan, who had been listening to Dr. Bradley at 9:45 each weekday over WGN, after stating that he is 62, a bachelor, living on a farm of 120 acres located 70 miles north of Grand Rapids, expresses some of his personal opinions as follows:

We have left behind a community spirit, which we must go back to. We receive our strength through our association with some part of this earth that we call home, and whether we make much or little of life depends on the extent we were a part of that home and its surroundings.

I believe it is impossible to know the temperament of a nation unless you first know the temperament of some small part of the people.

The world is too large for any single human being to encompass all its prob-

lems, but religion is assuredly the pathway to our true destiny, though in different eras people have sought it in different directions.

At this time we have certainly been thrown into a huge boiling pot and it would be interesting to know what the boiled-down concoction will be.

* * *

The above comments were a sort of "Voice of the People" item to our Mail Bag. It is always interesting to get a variety of viewpoints on our questions of the day and I felt the readers would be interested:

In large cities it is difficult to get the community spirit. We seem to have to find it in organizations and churches, and then through our big civic charities perhaps we get the larger community spirit, where we all contribute to the over-all effort. Certainly it is difficult to get back to mother earth and to feel that we sink our roots down deep where we live. It's a long way down to earth from a ten or twelve-story apartment building. I have always felt it a great pity that every child cannot know the joy of farm and country life. Every human being has missed something important who has never had country living in his background at some time, somewhere along the line.

* * *

On stationery of Hitchcock & Becker, Advertising, came a letter greatly appreciated by Dr. Bradley:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Never have I heard the fundamental truth and purpose of God so eloquently and convincingly expressed as it was in your sermon of yesterday morning.

I am grateful to have had the privilege of hearing it.

Most sincerely yours,

Harold Hitchcock.

This letter referred to the sermon which Dr. Bradley preached at his

triple Anniversary, which he called "How Faith Solves Problems," which we published in the May issue of "The Liberalist," and for which there has been a great demand.

* * *

The next writer enclosed some verses which it seems to me are so apt in expressing Dr. Bradley's theme for preaching and for living that I know you will want to read them:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Thanks for your two splendid sermons today. It so happens that we are both celebrating "50 years of it"—you as a preacher, and I because on April 12th I shall be 50 years of age.

There are many qualities that have endeared you to all who have heard your words through the years: Oratory? Yes! Courage? Yes! Breadth of Intelligence? Yes! Sense of Humor? Yes! But above all, the kindly heart that senses people's problems and offers sympathy and encouragement, is ever manifested. Perhaps you are familiar with a poem called "The Preacher's Mistake," by an unknown author:—

The parish priest,
Of austerity,
Climbed up in a high church steeple,
To be nearer God,
So that he might hand his word down
To his people.

When the sun was high,
When the sun was low,
The good man sat unheeding
Sublunary things.
From transcendancy
Was he forever reading.

And now and again
When he heard the creak
Of the weather-vane a-turning,
He closed his eyes
And said, "Of a truth
From God I am now learning.

And in sermon script
He daily wrote

What he thought was sent from heaven;
And he dropped this down
On his people's heads
Two times one day in seven.

In his age, God said,
"Come down and die!"
And he cried out from the steeple,
"Where art thou, Lord?"
And the Lord replied,
"Down here among my people."

You, beloved Dr. Bradley, are never up in some tall steeple, but ever in the midst of God's people! With best wishes,

George Herman.

P.S. I obtained a library book, "Best Sermons," 1946 edition, edited by G. Paul Butler, and was highly pleased to read your great sermon on "Life's Deeper Meanings," which you delivered on March 18, 1945. G.H.

* * *

We see by The Hot Springs Visitors Bulletin that our staunch and loyal members, Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Petru, went for their 33rd annual visit to Hot Springs in May of this year. We sincerely hope the treatment there will further the cure to his injured shoulder and broken arm which he suffered during the early winter.

And speaking of fractured bones, we hope Mrs. Phil Wahlman's many friends are keeping track of her convalescence from a broken leg.

* * *

KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

"THE CREATIVE POWER OF FAITH"

(Continued from page 11)

are as nothing—compared to you! You are the most important thing in this universe, and your soul is the most valuable thing in it! And if we entertain a creative attitude toward faith and get these matters straightened out; if we affirm, either with our

lips or with our silence, God is the Power; God is the Love; God is the Truth; God is my Strength; God cares about *me*—not a tear that He doesn't share; not a heartache that He hasn't known; not a disappointment that He doesn't understand! God, the eternal, spiritual, creative power of the cosmos—and the center of it all is YOU! Isn't that a beautiful relationship—that as an individual I'm not a worm

of the dust; I'm not a creeping thing and a viper; I'm not treated mercilessly by a God who doesn't care; but God and I, *together*, can walk the highway of the years and I can affirm, creatively, my faith in that—and you haven't a sorrow that will not be healed, and you haven't a heartache that will not be healed. *Then* cometh the victory that overcometh the world—even our faith!



BOOK CHATS

Let us suppose that you find it impossible to leave Chicago during your summer vacation this year. Then why not read up on Chicago, get some film for your camera and get thoroughly acquainted with your city. I know several people who lately have taken up this hobby—getting acquainted with Chicago.

A few months ago the Judy Publishing Company, of Chicago, published *Chicago the Pagan*, by Weimar Port. *Chicago the Pagan* is a lusty, blustery guide book of Chicago—"A mind guide to Chicago's soul"—he calls it. The book is dedicated to "James J. Ley, fellow wanderer in and about Chicago many years ago with memories of Roger Sullivan campaigning for the U. S. Senate, Boston baked beans and brown bread at Pixley & Ehlers, loafing in the court room while Clarence Darrow addressed a jury, sitting beside Boise Penrose on the platform as Hughes was nominated for President." The publisher tells us that "Weimar Port gives you 3D, cinerama and cinemascope—all in one, a different, personal and 'sensory' kind of guide book, history, flash backs, running description and personal reaction

to the objective and the subjective—he gives you the thing to be seen and a bit of personal aura of whether it is worth seeing."

Of the 32 illustrations some are wood blocks, some are pen and ink drawings, some are etchings, and some are by the "wild hand" of the author (the latter very enjoyable cartoons).

In the introduction the author says among other things: "To the traveler every visited spot is a mirror of himself; he sees with the eye only that which the mind can understand.

"Although the best guide book is the traveler's ability to select and interpret what he beholds, some formal aid by way of the printed page makes the imagination more roundly pregnant and lengthens the telescope of the mind. Therefore, I have written this guide principally for my own amusement, and thereafter that its lines may help some reader not too egotistic, add knowledge to his eyesight, and occasionally join the Past and Present in wedlock.

"A worthy guide book renders this loving service to him who delights to see more than trees and houses, and who wishes to know other than how

one people blows its nose differently into its kerchief."

In Chapter I there are very interesting quotations of "What Others Said About Old Chicago," such as "In 1834, Rev. Jeremiah Porter, Presbyterian minister, wrote: 'The first dreadful spectacle that met my eye was a group of Indians sitting on the ground before a miserable French dramhouse, playing cards, and as many trifling white men standing around to witness the game.'"

"In 1834, Harriet Martineau, English literary critic, wrote: 'I never saw a busier place than Chicago was at the time of our arrival. The streets were crowded with land speculators, hurrying from one sale to another. A poor Frenchman, married to a squaw, had a suit pending, while I was there, which he was likely to gain, for the right of purchasing some land by the lake for one hundred dollars, which would immediately become worth one million dollars.

"There was much gaiety going on at Chicago as well as business. On the evening of our arrival a fancy fair took place. It is a remarkable thing to meet such an assemblage of educated, refined, and wealthy persons as may be found there, living in small, inconvenient houses on the edge of a wild prairie.'"

"Schribner's Magazine in 1875 published: 'Chicago!' The name has a strange fascination for the American people. The name is familiar in the remotest villages of all parts of Europe. It is the best advertised city in the country. The wickedness and the piety of Chicago are in their way marvelous.'"

There is then a chapter on "What Some Say About Chicago of Today."

On "Getting Around in Chicago," which is Chapter 4, we read:

"The house and street numbering

system in Chicago is fairly good though like a bishop, it is not without sin. There are Central Avenue, Central Park Avenue, parallel, not far from each other, both main travelled streets. Then there are Lincoln Avenue running diagonally, Lincoln Street running north and south. North Avenue runs east and west; Western Avenue runs North and South; East End is on the south side of Chicago; and East South Water Street is across the River from the East North Water Street."

"The Battle of Streets and Presidents" describes the naming of streets in the loop and then adds: "Chicago has 1,363 streets and the city map bureau can tell how each one obtained its name. Most of them were named after real estate dealers, ward politicians and first settlers who lived in shanties."

"High Spots for Quick Reference" are given. Then on page 50, we enjoyed this bit:

"If you wish to obtain information about the history of Chicago and the points of interest, do not ask an old-timer. MOST CHICAGOANS never went through the stockyards. MOST CHICAGOANS cannot name the leading theatres. MOST CHICAGOANS never saw the Mayor of the city. MOST CHICAGOANS never saw the Sox or the Cubs lose a baseball game. MOST CHICAGOANS don't know who is being carried out next door in a casket." And thus it goes on for two more good-sized paragraphs.

Weimar Port, the author, tells us that in 1830 the population of Chicago was 100, and in 1950 it was 3,606,436. When one stops to consider that our city is only 123 years from that first 100 people and that only 33 years ago several people might still have been living who could have remem-

bered those days of 123 years ago, it is a most amazing thing that all that is Chicago now can have developed within those 123 years.

You will be interested in reading about the Chicago Post Office—the largest single post-building in America or the world.

And here's a good description from the weather chapter "Chicago enjoys a good climate—not the repeated endearments of a placid wife, rather the passionate hates and loves of a tempestuous but loyal wife." It seems to me the wife was in a very frigid and cold mood all during the month of May at which time I was writing this Book Chat.

There is a chapter on "A Loaf of Bread," including a verse from the Chicago Tribune Line O'Type on the goddess of grain, Ceres, who stands atop the Board of Trade Building.

The Feudal Loop—Bohemia in Chicago—The Pipes of Pan the Pagan—Two Taxi Hours in Chicago—The World's Greatest Street—Third Window on Congress Street Side—The Ghetto—Historic Dates of Chicago's Calendar—Chicago's Forgotten Fire (and it wasn't the 1871 fire)—Baha'i Temple—Sunday Morning in Chicago's Loop—and thus the chapter titles read, through 65 short and vital chapters all about Chicago, our own city. Surely everyone would do well to have this very satisfactory, informative, lusty Chicago guide-book-extraordinary in his bookcase. If you are not curious about or interested in the place where you live, you will be so grateful to have it to show your out-of-town or foreign friends when they come visiting and ask you questions you cannot answer about your own famous city.

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

MAY

- 1—Two funerals.
Publisher's conference.
- 2—Sermon. Morning Service.
Peoples Church.
Three christenings.
Sermon. Evening Service. St. Timothy's Church, Gary, Indiana.
Sick call.
- 3—Radio Address (El. Tr.) WGN.
Television Address, WGN-TV.
Address. Closing Luncheon, Woman's Club, Peoples Church, Congress Hotel.
Meeting. Chicago Commission on Human Relations.
Attendance, Reception, English Speaking Union, to meet Sir Roger Makin, British Ambassador to U. S.
- 4—Radio Address (El. Tr.) WGN.
Television Address, WGN-TV.
Address. Chicago Round Table.
Address. Annual Meeting, Congregation Shaare Tikvah.
- 5—Radio Address. (El. Tr.) WGN.
Television Address. WGN-TV.
Address. Annual Dinner, East Congregational Church, Grand Rapids, Michigan.
- 6—Radio Address. (El. Tr.) WGN.

- Television Address. WGN-TV.
Interviewed Miss Annie F. Parker, State St. Council "Volunteer of the Year," 81 years old.
Invocation. Annual Banquet, Illinois Federation of Women's Clubs.
- 7—Closing Radio Address (El. Tr.) WGN.
Closing Television Address, WGN-TV.
Two funerals.
Address. Past Masters' Night, Sequoit Lodge, A.F. & A.M., Antioch, Illinois
- 8—Wedding.
Address. 23rd Annual Shakespeare Dinner, Friends of Literature.
- 9—Sermon. Morning Service.
Peoples Church.
Address. Sunday Arts Forum.
Sermon. Evening Service. Monumental Baptist Church.
- 10—Board Meeting. Chicago Public Library Meeting, Unitarian Council, Y.W.C.A.
Meeting. Chicago Literary Club.
- 11—Funeral.
Address. Old Peoples Home, Vincennes Ave.
Address. Professional & Business Woman's Club of Peoples Church, Kungsholm Restaurant.

- 12—Address. Fraternal Youth Counselors Assn.
Address. "Know Your Bank Week"
Mutual National Bank.
Invocation, Annual Dinner, honoring Bishop Shiel.
- 13—Address. University of Illinois Honor Societies, Alpha Lambda Delta and Phi Eta Sigma, Navy Pier, Chicago.
- 14—Wedding.
Address. Universalist State Convention, Universalist Church, Elgin, Illinois.
- 15—Wedding.
Funeral.
Sick calls.
- 16—Sermon. Morning Service.
Peoples Church. 30th Anniversary of continuous Broadcasting.
Five christenings.
Address. Birthday dinner, 95th birthday of Peter Reisenhus, at Dania Club.
- 17—Address, Annual Seminar, Real Estate Board, University of Illinois, Luncheon, LaSalle Hotel.
Funeral.
- 18—Funeral.
Address. Chicago Heights Teacher's Council, Washington School Auditorium, Chicago Heights, Illinois.
- 19—Funeral.
Commencement address. Grant Hospital School of Nursing.
- 20—Address. Old Town Boys Club Manager's meeting. Central National Bank.
Radio conference.
Commencement Address. Ambia High School, Ambia, Indiana.
- 21—Address. Annual Spring Dinner. Peoples Church School.
- 22—Funeral.
Address. Annual Luncheon, Friends of Library, honoring Dr. Bradley.
Address. WBKB-TV, Annual Cerebral Palsy Campaign.
Two weddings.
- 23—Sermon. Morning Service,
Peoples Church.
Annual Memorial Sunday Address, Columbia Post Monument, Forest Home Cemetery.
Three Christenings.
- 24—Address. Annual Spring Luncheon. Woman's Chicago Beautiful Assoc., Blackstone Hotel.
Meeting. Board of Directors, Chicago Public Library.
- 25—Funeral.
Address. Closing Meeting Men's Club, Peoples Church. Birthday celebration for Sir Peter Reisenhus.
- 26—Address, Honor's Convocation, Illinois Normal University.
Luncheon in honor of Dr. Bradley (deans of college and faculty members).
- 27—Funeral.
Cut five 15-minute records.
- 28—Cut five 15-minute records.
Commencement address, High School, Serena, Illinois.
- 29—Two weddings.
Funeral.
- 30—Sermon. Sunday Morning Service.
Memorial Sunday.

FUNERALS

- 1—Mrs. Edith H. Train.
Mrs. Emma C. Passow.
- 7—Harry Bryant.
Mrs. Mary Ellen Burgess,
of Geneva, Illinois.
- 11—Elizabeth Diers.
- 15—William Dewey.
- 17—Alexander Brieser.
- 18—Oscar M. Hohen.
- 19—Anna Roetter.
- 22—John Dondero.
- 25—Mrs. Grace Klee.
- 27—Mrs. Mabel Burgey.
- 29—Sarah E. Quinn.

WEDDINGS

- 8—Anne Minarik and Henry Rosenberg.
- 14—Eileen Prendergast and Norman Wahlman.
- 15—Ann Wells and Ivar Johnson.
- 22—Dolores Bromersberg and Carl V. Lee.
Mrs. Mozelle Jones and Robert Maxon.
- 29—Alice Margaret Haitz and Jack L. Rayner.
- 29—Mary Krcelic and Anthony Morelli.

CHRISTENINGS

- 2—Marcia Louise Penney and Richard Horace Penney, children of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Penney.
John George Kanavas, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. John George Kanavas.
- 16—Nancy Elizabeth Wikell, Janet Lynn Wikell, Victor Harlan Wikell and Carol Ann Wikell, children of Mr. and Mrs. Nels Wikell.
Caroline Sawyer Wikell, Adult.
- 23—Kathy Lynn Charlton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Charlton.
David Walter Dasenbrock, son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dasenbrock.
Lavinia Marie Ing (Adult).
- 30—Diane Carol Hanisch, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Hanisch.

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

- Sunday School—Mrs. Carl Swanson, Superintendent
Ronald Walrath, Director Religious Education..... 9:30 a.m.
The Peoples Church School of Religious Education closed for the summer on
Sunday, June 13th. It opens for the 1954-1955 Season September 19th.
Sunday Morning Service—Closed for the summer on June 13th. Opens for the
1954-1955 Season on September 19th. Broadcast by WJJD.....11:00 to 12:00 noon
During the summer WJJD will broadcast a 15-minute sermon by Dr. Bradley
each Sunday 11:00 a.m.
Sunday Evening Service (From November to Easter)..... 7:00 p.m.
Wednesday Evening Book Lectures (November to Easter)..... 8:00 p.m.
Woman's Club—
Meets every two weeks, beginning with the Opening Luncheon in September
through the closing Spring Luncheon in May..... 12:30 p.m.
For summer events, get in touch with the Corr. Sec., Miss Edith Anderberg,
1614 Ainslie Ave. (40). SUNnyside 4-9146.
Men's Club—Meets 4th Tuesday of each month from September through May.... 8:00 p.m.
Professional and Business Woman's Club—Meets 2nd Tuesday of each month,
Rosemary Christensen, Corr. Sec., 2805 N. Leavitt St. (18). DIversey 8-0475 8:00 p.m.
The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam*
Channing Club, 1st and 3rd Fridays, Sec., Mary McCoy, 1060 Wilson Ave. (40).
UPTown 8-4567 8:00 p.m.
Choir Rehearsals, Every Thursday, Church Auditorium, during church season—
New members welcomed..... 8:00 p.m.
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